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- ART. II. — 1. *Das Griechische Volk in öffentlicher, kirchlicher und privatrechtlicher Beziehung, vor und nach dem Freiheitskampfe bis zum 31 July, 1834.* Von G. L. MAURER. 3 Bde. 8vo. 1835.
2. *History of Modern Greece.* By JAMES EMERSON. 2 Vols. 8vo. London. 1830.
3. *Cours de Littérature Grecque Moderne, donnée à Genève par JACOVAKY RIZO NÉROULOS*, ancien Premier Ministre des Hospodars Grecs de Valachie et de Moldavie. Genève. 1828.

THE comparatively slight interest, which in recent years the affairs of Greece have excited in the civilized world, after having for nearly a lustrum absorbed the sympathy of the best portion of the public, can hardly surprise us. It is natural to man, that only the moment of effort and action awakens the highest interest; he, who has reached his object, has lost our sympathy. The enthusiasm with which the victor in a race is hailed, though ever so loud and boisterous, is only a lukewarm feeling, compared with the intense and breathless anxiety with which we follow his course and anticipate its undecided result. The ship we see from the shore, struggling with the waves, calls forth all our sympathy; while our eyes glance indifferently over the mass of vessels in the secure port, although the crippled condition of more than one of them may tell us the story of similar, and perhaps heavier struggles.

The picture, which Greece at present affords to the beholder, is indeed not dissimilar to such a ship. The wounds are still bleeding, which, at the moment we saw them inflicted, made our hearts tremble. The whole body of the valiant warrior, who not only has to cure these honorable wounds, but who has, and we fear long will have to suffer from the after-pains of a long and ignominious imprisonment, is still far from being healed; yet our attention has been turned to other objects, as soon as we thought the patient in a fair way of recovery. Greece as it is, can indeed excite our interest solely either in respect to what it has been, or what it hereafter will be. In its present state we strive in vain to find one satisfactory feature.

Both in a moral and in an intellectual point of view, we still see the whole nation, partly in that state of vicious corruption, the unavoidable result of its long degradation ; partly in that first stage of infancy, from which only time can release it. Time also only can inform us, what results will follow from all that is new in that country. Legislation, administration, institutions for education, — every thing is *new* in the whole extent of the word ; that is, not grown up out of the former condition of the country, but founded on principles foreign and incomprehensible to the mass of the nation, and carried over to it from other communities.

The only subject, which, in this great revolution of all things, has not itself experienced any revolution, is the literature of the modern Greeks. Nay, so far is this literature from having received any important influence from the shock which moved and turned all other affairs, that it is partly its very progress and influence to which this shock is ascribed. Be this as it may, the literature of modern Greece, although itself very modern as compared with that of most other European nations, yet appears in the present state of that country, with the exception of her religion, as the oldest of her institutions. And should it not excite our interest at least in this, if not in any other respect ?

The origin of the Romaic or modern Greek tongue, as a *literary* language, the Greek literary historian, Rizo Néroulos,* dates from the beginning of the last century. Until that time, the learned wrote without exception in the ancient Greek language, which, however corrupted and estranged from its classic purity, was at least very different from the vernacular tongue of the country. The same writer divides the history of modern Greek Literature into three periods ; namely, from 1700 to 1750 ; from 1750 to 1800 ; and from 1800 to 1821, or the beginning of the revolution. A short and general view of the different character of these periods will suffice for our purpose, and must for the present satisfy our readers, whom we would refer for farther information to the work itself.

The first period must indeed be regarded, merely as an introductory one. Most of the gifted men continued to write in the ancient language. Alexander Maurocor-

* For some account of Rizo, with a specimen of his poetry, see Vol. XXIX. p. 357.

dato was an exception, and his example exerted gradually a considerable influence on others, and the more, as he was one of the first Greeks who acquired any political weight among the Turks. He wrote a Grammar, a system of Rhetoric, and several other useful books. But he rendered a far greater service to his nation, by obtaining permission from the government to establish schools in the different towns of Greece. The son of the same individual was the first Greek Hospodar of Wallachia. Before him, no member of this subjugated nation had ever been raised to a similar dignity.

The second period carried the higher classes of the Greek nation (not the common people) forward with giant steps in their progress. By far the greater portion of the productions of this period consisted indeed only of translations, especially from the French. But mental cultivation began to be of value in the eyes of the nation; by Prince Mourouzi's influence on Selim the Third, the schools were multiplied and enlarged; and even various colleges were founded for the higher branches of learning. Towards the end of this period, many young Greeks began to visit foreign and especially German universities; and the result of it was, that even the philosophy of Kant was lectured upon in Janina. There were among the better classes not a few signs of high intellectual improvement. At the beginning of this period, the names of Samuel, the learned Patriarch of Constantinople, of prince Caradza, of Theodoki, of Bulgari, were mentioned with esteem; towards the end, those of Philippides, Psalidas, Benjamin, and others, were well known. The most celebrated name of this period, however, is that of the unfortunate and patriotic Rhiga. A Thessalian by birth, he had already made himself known among the more learned of his countrymen as the author of a work on natural philosophy, of a map of Greece, etc., before his patriotic songs made him the favorite of the whole nation.

The few years of the third period, which Rizo closes with the year 1821, (for what influence the revolution and the regeneration of Greece will have on her literature only coming years can tell,) did more for the mental development of the Greek nation, and diffused more light among the people, than the whole previous century of a slowly dawning morn. Commerce was never so flourishing. Trav-

elling in foreign countries became more and more frequent ; and the number of Greek students in foreign universities increased. In comparing themselves with others, the Greeks became more powerfully affected with the feeling of their own degradation. They turned their attention more closely to the relics of their ancient glory, the writings of their classic forefathers. Their present language began to be the object of their care ; and a noble national feeling became universal, that all mental acquirements, and the revival of science, in order to be lasting, could only be safely founded on their country's deliverance.

The most distinguished name of this period is that of the well known Corais ; a man equally esteemed as a scholar and a patriot, and who, as a writer, has exercised more influence than any other of his countrymen. His influence on the language is at present generally acknowledged. After many struggles with the champions of the modern language in all its corruptions, and with their adversaries, the indiscriminate advocates of the classic system, the middle way, adopted by Corais, seems to be universally chosen, namely, to enrich the language of the present generation from the treasures of the ancients, but without disturbing its basis ; and to dismiss, as far as possible, the host of Germanisms and Gallicisms, introduced by the prevalence of translations.

Among the writers of this period, the balance of talent seems to incline decidedly to History and its kindred topics. Many historical works were translated from foreign languages, and some original works of the same kind were written by J. Paliuris, Rizo Néroulos, Mustoxidi, Athanasius Ypsilanti, and others. A history of Souli and Parga, by Perevos, was highly prized by Niebuhr. As a poet, in the manner of the graceful Teian bard, Christopulo is highly esteemed ; Solomo of Zante, Kalbo, Sakellarios, and others, are also well known disciples of the muses. But with the exception of History and Poetry, Greece has hardly produced one original work of any importance. And although it is said, that during the last fifty years more than three thousand works have been published in the Romaic language, yet the whole modern Greek literature must still be considered as a literature of translations. A few names of original merit can here be of no avail ; and, indeed, even most of these are

only distinguished as imitators of foreign originality. Thus, then, we may say, without being accused of harshness or rashness, that the modern Greek literature, notwithstanding the greater number of years during which it has existed, is still in an infancy analogous to that of the other institutions of Greece.

There is only one point of view, only one branch of literature (if we may consider it as belonging to literature), in which the modern Greeks appear as perfectly original, and as deserving the highest interest of thinking foreigners. We allude to their *Popular Poetry*.

The merit of having made the literary world acquainted with the remarkable Romaic popular songs, in an extent to enable us to judge of their character, belongs to the learned Frenchman, Fauriel. Various specimens had been printed before, scattered in books of travels and periodicals ; but mostly deficient in respect to translation, and too isolated to furnish a view of the whole.

It is well known, that the modern Greeks belong to neither of the three great families of nations, by which Europe is principally inhabited. They stand apart ; and we should try in vain to find in their mental features a family resemblance to any of the other nations of Europe. Their beautiful language has been gradually transformed by the influence of the Turkish and the Italian tongues ; but their popular poetry has no resemblance to that of either of these nations. The only people with whom a strong *internal* affinity connects them in this respect, are the Servians. We shall find an opportunity, in the course of these remarks, to compare the character of their respective productions.

M. Fauriel made his collection under very favorable circumstances. His acquaintance with several native Greeks at Paris, whose attention had been previously directed to the same subject, enabled him to choose with critical taste among several copies of the same songs, with which they furnished him, what appeared to him the most genuine. Many other contributions he received from Greece itself, when his undertaking became known there ; and, before his second volume was published, a journey to Venice and Trieste gave him the desired opportunity of himself taking down other songs from the lips of Greek mechanics,

sailors, women of the lower classes, etc. His publication was accompanied by a literal French translation in prose, and a very valuable explanatory introduction. Immediately after its appearance, these wonderful songs found also a German translator in W. Muller, one of the ablest young poets and critics of the time. The copiousness and pliancy of the German language enabled him to exhibit in a poetical and metrical translation all the fidelity of the French prose version, at the same time strictly giving verse for verse. On his notes and additions, and the introduction of the French editor, our historical remarks will be principally founded.

In respect to locality, two general divisions may be made in the modern Greek songs, namely, the songs of the mountains, and the songs of the coasts and the islands. The first, not always indeed composed by mountaineers, but even when made in the cities, for instance in Janina, calculated to please the inhabitants of the mountains, — are for the most part historical, and indeed mostly devoted to the achievements of the *klephts* or robbers ; but ideal subjects also are not foreign to the mountain bards, and we find that some of the most beautiful and original among the romantic ballads had their origin in the mountains. In their form the mountain songs are mostly rougher, and composed with less skill, than those of the coasts and the islands.

These latter were, indeed, the only portion of Romaic popular poetry, which, with the exception of some isolated specimens of Klephtic songs, was known to the public, before the appearance of Fauriel's collection. They were the only ones which travellers, who seldom penetrated into the interior, and still more rarely into the mountains on which those heroic songs reëchoed, had ever occasion to hear and to note down. Mr. Hobhouse mentions repeatedly the general fondness of the nation for song and poetry. "The modern Greeks," he observes,* "delight in poetry, and very many amongst them evince a great facility in versification. There is an infinite variety of love and drinking songs, some of which are common in every part of Greece ; whilst other pieces of poetry are known only in the town or village of their author. A young man

* In his "Journey through Albania and other Provinces of Turkey in 1813."

of any spirit, who has been ill-treated by his mistress, anathematized by his priest, or beaten by a Turk, seldom fails to revenge himself by a lampoon."

"The accentual quantity," the same author continues, "which seems to have taken place of the syllabic so early as the eleventh century, is alone observed in all the metres. Of these there is a variety ; but the most common is the fifteen-syllable verse, of the kind before quoted. Some lively expressions and agreeable turns of thought may be discovered in many of these effusions, which however have more of the Oriental profusion of images, than of the Greek simplicity ; and, although by no means deficient in the tender and pathetic style, have nothing of the vigorous and sublime of ancient poetry. There may be persons willing to except from this criticism two or three patriotic songs of a late date."

"Their amatory pieces, in which they chiefly delight, speak that which some critics would call the very language of love. These are exceedingly extravagant, abounding in metaphors, similes, personifications, abrupt exclamations, and not unfrequently with the conceits, rather than the licensed figures of poetical rhetoric ; ardent, wild, and unconnected, with more poetry than sense, and more passion than poetry. Acrostics, and even those echo-verses which an inimitable author of our own nation has parodied and ridiculed, are much employed in their romances ; in short, there is hardly a single evidence of what is generally supposed a vitiated and paltry taste, which is not discoverable in the poetical composition of the modern Greeks. Their *katsakias*, or alternate verses, which are composed and sung apparently extemporaneously, but are in fact traditional, display a singular talent for versification and are of the same cast."*

Although most of the above remarks refer chiefly to the poetry of literature, with which this distinguished traveller was probably better acquainted than with the genuine popular poetry of a region where his stay was only short ; they may, nevertheless, be applied even to the taste and propensities of the modern Greek poets in general ; of those, we mean, who, partly acquainted with the productions of other nations, and especially the Italian and the Oriental races, do not exclusively draw from the living sources of

* Ibid. 4to. Lond. p. 577 seq.

their own minds. The abovementioned mountain songs will be found much purer ; although even these, as we shall have occasion to state more at large, are not free from a certain Oriental pomposity.

The line of distinction between the poetry of literature and popular poetry would be drawn here, moreover, with greater difficulty than anywhere else. The last two periods of the national literature have produced many imitations of the French and Germans, and many paraphrases of the ancients, totally foreign to the popular taste. There are also, besides these, undoubtedly a multitude of lyrics composed by educated poets, which are not known to the people, nor ever will be known to them. But the great mass of the poets, to whatever class they may belong, have hitherto adhered faithfully to the peculiar national taste, described above by Mr. Hobhouse. The *katsakias* especially, or distichs, of which we shall further speak, are composed by poets of all classes, high and low, educated and uneducated.

On the other hand, some of the productions of a few distinguished men are to be considered as genuine *popular* poetry ; for instance, the war song of the unfortunate Rhiga, familiar to the English reading public in the two-fold translation of Hobhouse and Byron. This, however, is the case with almost every nation ; since almost every nation can exhibit one or another poet, who, although himself perhaps the best among the better portion of the whole, and the most enlightened among the enlightened, has still in such a degree preserved his heart and mind in unison with the great mass of the nation, as to be able to touch exactly the cord, the tone of which will move their sympathies, and arouse their feelings.

Our chief, nay, exclusive object, is that species of popular poetry, which is not only known, but also *produced* by the people. Requesting the reader to keep this distinction in mind, we proceed with our remarks.

The poetry produced on the Greek coasts, and on the islands, is frequently, but not always, in rhyme. The ballads are comparatively poor in historical interest. Most of their subjects are fictitious, and lyric songs are more frequent. Quite peculiar to these regions are the abovementioned *Katsakias*, viz ; a species of short songs in dis-

tichs, which remind us in some measure of the Spanish *seguidillas* ; although they have no reference to dancing. Like them they are rather epigrammatic sallies, than expressions of feelings ; jests and sighs of a sort of love, of which the imagination knows more than the heart. They are mostly extemporized, and are not commonly worth writing down. As we do not intend to return hereafter to this subject, we give a few of them here as specimens. By a happy accident the rhyme offered itself so readily, as not to impair the fidelity of the translation. These trifles may serve at the same time as specimens of the language.

I.

Φεγγάρι μου λαμπρότατον, ζηλεύει σ' ἡ καρδιά μου,
Γιατὶ θωρεῖς τὸν ἀγαπῶ, κ' ἐμένα ἔναι μακρυνά μου.

“O thou fair moon, so wondrous bright, my heart it envies thee,
That thou canst see him whom I love, and he is far from me.

II.

Ὅσ' ἄστρα ἔναι ἔς τὸν οὐρανὸν, τόσα σπαθιά, κυρά μου,
Ἀνίσως καὶ δὲν σ' ἀγαπῶ, νὰ ἐμβοῦν ἔς τὴν καρδιά μου.

“How many stars, O mistress mine, are in the sky above me,
So many dirks shall pierce my heart, if that I do not love thee.

III.

Κόψε κλωνὶ βασιλικὸν, καὶ μέτρησε τὰ φύλλα
Κ' ἐμέτρησες καὶ τὸν καιρὸν ποῦ μὲ παιδεύεις, σκύλλα.

“Pluck of basilicum a branch, and number all its leaves,
Then numberest thou the days my heart, by thee tormented, grieves.”

M. Pouqueville, and after him Mr. Hobhouse, have communicated several of these verses together, as a connected song.

“If all the ocean were of ink, and paper all the skies,
Should I attempt to write my woes, they never would suffice.
You hope when you deny me thus, to make me wan with woe ;
But I, thy passion to provoke, like violets fair will grow.
My lofty cypress, hear me speak, and bend thy head so high ;
Two words alone I ask, and then will be content to die.” *

It may be, that these verses are sung sometimes together ; but it is certain that there is no necessary connexion between

* A Journey through Albania, &c., p. 1091. — Lond. edit.
VOL. XLIII. — NO. 93.

them. In Fauriel's collection the same verses are printed as separate distichs; and very few of this species of songs exceed the number of two, or, if subdivided in the manner of most nations, of four lines. In respect to the thought expressed in the first of the above lines, viz. "If all the ocean were of ink," &c., we were again struck with this instance of the general affinity of popular ideas among different nations, to which we had occasion to allude in a previous Number of this work.* The same idea is expressed in a short Servian ballad in the following way. Two lovers, under the image of two flowers, raised in one garden and in one bed, are separated. The lover asks his love, how she bears her solitude. She sends word to him;

"If the skies, they were one sheet of paper,
And the forest pens, and ink the ocean,
And three years I sat and wrote a letter,
Not could I write out my cruel sufferings."

Still more hyperbolically the same thought is paraphrased in a German popular song; or rather, is repeated with slight variations, in several popular songs of that nation.

"And if the sky were a paper sheet,
And every star a writer fleet,
And each one wrote with seven hands,
They could not write of my love the end."†

Various other instances might be adduced, if not of precisely the same, yet of very nearly the same idea, as being popular among other nations. But we return from our digression.

In respect to character, the Romaic songs are subject to a threefold division. They are either *domestic*, or *historical*, or *fictitious*. Under domestic songs we include those, which are composed for certain occasions, and are chaunted at weddings, on certain holydays, solemn partings, and the like. In reference to this species of songs, it will be found, that they are in general of more interest in respect to morals and manners, than to poetry. The Greek wedding-songs, like the

* N. A. Review, Vol. XLII. p. 267 seq.

† The original is of peculiar *naïveté*, inimitable by any translation;

"Und wenn der Himmel papieren wär',
Und jedes Sternle a Schreiberle wär',
Und schrieb a jeder mit sieben Händ,
Se schriebe doch meiner Lieb kei End."

Slavic, have moreover too close a connexion with the ceremonies themselves, to be detached from them. The same is the case with the festival songs, devoted to St. Basil's or New-year's day, and the first of March as the beginning of spring. All Greece resounds on this day with "The lay of the Swallow," a delicate and *naïve* song, lovely like the first breathing of approaching Spring.

There is a certain class of parting-songs, peculiar to Greece. Commerce and necessity induce the Greek to leave his beautiful country ; but, notwithstanding the numerous privations to which he must submit at home, and the various ill-treatment to which he was exposed during the many centuries of Turkish oppression, it is seldom his free choice that calls him away. The popular language designates foreign countries by the term *ἐρημος*, the desert. The pain of parting is increased by the uncertainty of the fate of those he leaves. The friends and relations of the wanderer's family assemble, take their last meal together, and join in songs, either such as are before known, or others composed expressly for the occasion.

The following may serve as a specimen of the parting-songs, although it is of a more general character than most of them.

" THE DEPARTURE.

" Now May, the dewy time, is come, and Summer now is coming,
And now the stranger will prepare, unto his home to hie him.
His steed at evening saddles he, — at night the warrior shoes
him ;

The silver shoes upon his feet with golden nails are fastened,
And on his head the bridle gay, all o'er with pearls is gleaming.

The maid, who loves the stranger guest, his love again desiring,

With lamp in hand is lighting him, and pours for him the goblet,

As oft as she the goblet pours, so often to him saying ;

' Take me, my warrior, take thy maid, and let us go together,
That I may dress thy food for thee, and spread thy couch at evening,

And by thy couch may spread my own, and near my warrior slumber.'

' Where I am going, maiden mine, there is no place for maidens ;

For only men are gathered there, the young and gallant heroes.'

' Well, deck me then in Frankish garb, give me the dress of manhood,

Give me a courser swift of foot, and with a golden saddle,

And I will gallop well as thou, and tramp like any robber ;

Take me, my warrior, take thy maid, and let us go together.' "

More interesting still are the Myriologies, the solemn lamentations, or funeral songs. It is remarkable, that the Slavic nations, who celebrate every important scene of life with song, are deficient in this sort of poetry. The myriologies are said to be the most poetical of all the Greek domestic songs. They are always composed by females, and are mostly the productions of a momentary inspiration, that is, they are improvisations. There are, of course, certain forms, phrases, and images, always employed in them. The Greek women are also in the habit of preparing themselves for this duty, by singing lamentations on imaginary deaths, often only occasioned by the loss of a bird, or the withering of a flower ; but the whole of the recitation must, of course, always be adapted to the occasion, and thus these preparations can only be incomplete. The myriology is not always pronounced by the chief mourner ; often a neighbour, known to be practised and skilful, is called in, or comes of her own accord, to fulfil that solemn duty. The mere aspect of the house of mourning and of the corpse, puts her in a certain state of inspiration, which gradually rises almost to phrensy. Exhausted and half fainting, after having finished, she can scarcely recollect what she has uttered ; the hearers also are violently affected ; and, amidst the general sobbing and groaning, it would be cruelty to sit down and write what would be so curious to read. Thus it seems natural, that hitherto only fragments of myriologies, remembered by some one of the audience, should have been written down.

Neither the historical nor the romantic ballads of the modern Greeks are of great antiquity. Of the Greeks, as of other nations, we must suppose that they always have had popular ballads. But their great vivacity, and perhaps their deficiency in that pious feeling so favorable to the preservation of the old, — that ancient trait, which causes all classes and ages to take the most lively interest in the *present*, in the *newest* affairs, and which now, as of old, is characteristic of the Greek na-

tion,—together with the facility of making poems in their poetical language; all these circumstances have been the occasion, that the old ballads, from generation to generation, have been superseded by new ones. M. Fauriel has printed one, after a manuscript of the sixteenth century in the Royal Library of Paris; but this old piece, although by no means different in its genius from the modern, is of course no longer current. The oldest hero who appears in any of the present Klephtic ballads, is Christos Milionis, who lived towards the end of the seventeenth century. It is probable that at least the essential portion of the ballad is of the same age. Several others celebrate events at the beginning of the eighteenth century. By far the greater portion celebrate achievements of Klephts of our own time.

Our readers know, that during the long period of the Turkish oppression, all those were called Klephts, or Robbers, who, in Epirus, Thessalia, and Macedonia, retired to the mountains, determined rather to brave the dangers of a wild and lawless life, than to obey the arbitrary pleasure of the Turkish Pashas and Beys. The government, despairing to conquer them, found it profitable to bring them under a sort of organization, uniting them with the *Armatoles*, a kind of militia in the service of the Porte, though consisting of Greeks, and instituted in very early times. The Klephts became now Armatoles, without changing much their way of life; and those only, who were entirely intractable, retired still deeper into the mountains, and founded the Klepht-villages, high on the mountains, and utterly inaccessible to military power. The names and trades of the Armatoles and Klephts were constantly confounded. To distinguish them, the organized military Greeks were sometimes called *tame* Klephts, the others *wild* Klephts.

But even this difference gradually disappeared, in consequence of the increasing despotism of the Turks. Whenever a captain of the Armatoles had trouble with the Turkish magistracy, or heard that some Pasha or Dervendshibashi had something in view against him, he fled to the mountains, perfectly conscious that his band of Armatoles would soon follow him. In this way it might daily happen, that the police of a territory (for this the Armatoles strictly were) was changed into a band of robbers.

These Robbers are then the principal heroes of the Greek historical ballads. Although rough and vindictive, and lead-

ing a lawless life, every unprejudiced mind must feel that they are not to be looked upon in the same light, as robbers in well-organized states. Their depredations were mostly, often exclusively, directed against the Turks; but even towards them, they were seldom cruel, and not more revengeful than might be expected from a people so long oppressed, and in so low a stage of civilization. Highly laudable was their behaviour towards females; and Turkish women were as sacred to them as their own. They had, moreover, a certain respect for religion; and some of them are said to have been exemplary men in their domestic relations.

The songs relating to these heroes are composed in part by men of their own class, partly by the blind Rhapsodists, who go from village to village and gain their sustenance by singing them. They are of a peculiarly stern and wild character. They are always short, and their style is in the highest degree terse and vigorous. But before giving any specimens, it may be advisable to present a short and general description of modern Greek popular poetry, especially as compared with that of other nations. We will, however, take this opportunity to request the reader not to mistake the point of view, from which we draw our comparisons. Let it be strictly borne in mind, that we make no comparison in respect to intrinsic poetical merit, but only in respect to character and physiognomy. Every kind of popular poetry, as being the voice of the people, is what it ought to be, if it expresses distinctly the peculiarities of that people; the more completely, the more vigorously it expresses them, the higher in general will be also its poetical merit. To point out those features which are characteristic of the physiognomy, is our task; to judge how far they correspond with the historical character of the respective nations, we leave to the reader.

An elliptical style, and a mode of representation consisting more of outlines than of pictures elaborately wrought, may be considered as characteristic of all popular poetry. The Greek ballads possess these qualities in an eminent degree. They are all not only short in themselves, but they all have something fragmentary and sketch-like. The outlines of these sketches are sharply and boldly drawn; and we see light and shade, even without the help of points and strokes. With the Servian popular songs, they have not only a great many subjects in common, but also the custom of introducing the

same subject by certain standing prologues, which among both nations are repeated in almost stereotype phrases, and adapted to different ballads. In both, not only do animals talk, but also mountains and rivers. Birds, especially, play a great part in Greek ballads ; and we miss here the *speciality* which is in other cases natural to popular poets, who speak rather of ravens, falcons, nightingales, and the like, than of birds in general.

The ballads of the Greeks have not always the simplicity, peculiar to the popular poetry of other European nations ; a simplicity which is so striking, although in a different sense, in the *art* of their ancestors. It is, indeed, as if they had yielded up the graceful tranquillity and composure of ancient Greek poetry to their hyperborean neighbours, the Servians ; and had surrendered themselves to the Oriental influence in a far higher degree than the latter. Although the groundwork of most of their pictures is of a gloomy black, or exchanged only for the bloody red of vengeance, yet the coloring of single parts is often exceedingly rich, and laid on with Oriental extravagance and brilliancy. To this we may add a certain proud propensity to magnify and to embellish the trifling and the common. The robbers all glitter in gold ; their horses have silver shoes and bridles of pearls ; while in the Servian ballads similar exaggerations occur sparingly, and have for that reason greater effect.

The mountain songs are, however, more simple than those of the coasts and islands. The fresh air of their home breathes in them ; and the bold and strange forms of the rocks, among which they were created, seem to be often mentally reproduced in them. A sweet melancholy, often darkened to despairing gloom, is prevalent in the songs of the coasts and islands. We do not hear in them the trumpet-sound of heroism and patriotism, but often the lamentations of the exiled, or of those who are left by the exiled. Love has less of tenderness than in the Servian songs ; it is of a more impassioned and romantic character ; and from the greater influence of the Occidental nations, especially the Italians, the Greek has in the abovementioned distichs a multitude of songs of gallantry, — a thing unheard of in Servia, where woman still remains on the lowest step of civil degradation. Playful and sportive songs are very rare, with the exception of those little epigrams, many of which have that character.

The ideal or fictitious ballads, besides their considerable poetical merit, are interesting as exhibiting many traits and superstitions, in which we think we recognise relics of the fanciful religion of ancient Greece. The common people themselves, of course, have not the remotest idea of this connexion. They know little more about their ancestors, than that they were Gentiles, and were called Hellenes ; but in some creations of the imagination of the modern Greeks, we recognise distinctly some of the old Greek gods and demi-gods. Thus we see in the *Nereids* of the Mainots the ancient Graces, Satyrs, and Nymphs, strangely amalgamated ; rivers, mountains, and trees are still peopled with spirits ; and the well-known ferryman Charon, who however has to play the part of the ancient Hermes, and is in a certain measure the personification of Death itself, still lives in the imagination of the modern Greeks. The following ballad, a production of the mountains, shows the picturesque light in which he appears to them ; and may serve at the same time as a specimen of the romantic or ideal creations of the wild muse of the mountains.

“ CHARON AND THE GHOSTS.

“ Why are the mountains shadowed o’er, why stand they mourning darkly ?

Is it a tempest warring there, or rain-storm beating on them ?

It is no tempest warring there, no rain-storm beating on them ;

’T is Charon sweeping over them, and with him the Departed.

The young he urges on before, behind the aged follow,

And tender children ranged in rows, are borne upon his saddle ;

The aged call imploringly, the young are him beseeching ;

‘ My Charon, at the hamlet stop, stop at the cooling fountain,

That from the spring the old may drink, the young may sport
with pebbles,

And that the little children may the pretty flowerets gather.’

‘ I will not at the hamlet stop, nor at the cooling fountain ;

For mothers meeting at the spring, will know again their children,

And man and wife each other know, and will no more be parted.’ ”

The following is a specimen of a different character.

“ OLYMPUS.

“ Olympus once and Kissavos, two neighbouring mounts, contended.

Olympus turned to Kissavos, and spake to him in anger ;

‘ Strive not with me, O Kissavos, thou dust-betrampled hillock,
I am Olympus, he of old, renowned the world all over ;
And I have summits forty-two, and two and sixty fountains,
And every fount a banner has, and every bough a robber,
And on my highest summit’s top an eagle fierce is sitting,
And holding, in his talons clutched, a head of slaughtered war-
rior.’

‘ What hast thou done, O head of mine, of what hast thou been
guilty ? ’

‘ Devour, O bird, my youthful strength, devour my manly valor,
And let thy pinion grow an ell, a span thy talon lengthen ;
In Luros and Xeromeros I was an Armatolian,
In Chasia and Olympus then, twelve years I was a robber,
And sixty Agas I have kill’d, and left their hamlets burning,
And all the Turks and Albanese, that on the field of battle
My hand has slain, my eagle brave, are more than can be num-
bered,

But me the doom befell at last to perish in the battle.’ ”

As a specimen of a romantic ballad of the south of Greece, we give the following beautiful night-piece, the context of which reminds us in some measure of a favorite subject of many other nations, as of Bürger’s *Lenore*, of *Aage and Else*, of William’s *Ghost*, and very strikingly of the beautiful Serbian tale, *Jelitzka* and her brothers.* To judge from the dialect, this Greek ballad is at home on the island of Scio.

“ THE JOURNEY BY NIGHT.

“ ‘ Oh mother, thou with thy nine sons, and with thine only
daughter,
Whom in the darkness thou didst bathe, in light didst braid her
tresses,
And thou didst lace her boddice on, abroad by silvery moonlight,
When came from Babylon afar a wooer’s soft entreaty ;
O mother, give thine *Arete*, bestow her on the stranger,
That I may have her solace dear, upon the way I journey.’
‘ Though thou art wise, my Constantine, thou hast unwisely
spoken ;
Be woe her lot or be it joy, who will restore my daughter ? ’
And then God’s holy name he called, he called the saints to wit-
ness,
Be woe her lot or be it joy, he would restore her daughter.

* See N. A. Review, Vol. XLIII. pp. 95, 96.

Then comes the year of sorrowing, and all the brothers perish,
 And at the tomb of Constantine, she tears her hair in anguish;
 ' Arise, my Constantine, arise, for Arete I'm longing,
 For thou didst call God's holy name, didst call the saints to witness,

Be woe her lot or be it joy, thou wouldst restore my daughter.'
 And forth at midnight hour he goes, to bring her to her mother,
 And finds her combing down her locks, abroad by silvery moonlight.

' Arise, my gentle Arete, for thee thy mother longeth.'

' Alas! my brother, what is this, why art thou here at midnight?

If joy betide my mother's house, I wear my golden raiment;

If woe betide, dear brother mine, I go as here I'm standing.'

' Let joy betide, let woe betide, yet go as here thou standest.'

And while they fare upon the way, and while they journey homeward,

They hear the birds, and what they sing, and what the birds are saying;

' Ho! see the lovely maiden there, a corse she carries with her.'

' List, Constantine, list to the birds, and hear what they are saying.'

' Yes, birds are they, and let them sing; they're birds, heed not their saying.'

' I fear for thee, my brother dear, for thou dost breathe of incense.'

' Last evening late I visited the church of John the Holy,
 And there the priest perfumed me o'er, with clouds of fragrant incense.

Unlock, O mother mine, unlock, thine Arete is coming.'

' If spirit blest thou art, pass by, if spirit blest, depart thee;

My hapless Arete afar is dwelling with the stranger.'

' Unlock, O mother mine, unlock, thy Constantine entreats thee;

I called upon God's holy name, I called the saints to witness,

Be woe her lot, or be it joy, I would restore thy daughter.'

And when she had unlocked the door, away her spirit fled.

The authors of the Greek popular ballads are as little known, as those of other popular poetry. Vanity and ambition appear to have no part in the composition of popular songs; and it is one of the most characteristic peculiarities of this branch of poetry, that the pretensions, views, and feelings of the individual, perish in the stream of song in which popular life gushes out. That the robber-ballads were mostly composed by the professional blind bards, in

which the Southeastern part of Europe is unfortunately so rich, we have already mentioned. These blind bards are comparatively seldom seen in the cities ; if they come there, they choose the suburbs or the immediate neighbourhood of the gate, for their theatre. To the rural feasts, called *Panegyri*, which each village celebrates in honor of its patron saint, they repair in numbers, in order to sing and play to the dances, or amuse by their ballads. Some of them are even *improvisators*, and make verses on given themes. These, however, are exceptions ; more of them are regular poets ; while the greater portion are satisfied with repeating the inventions of others.

Other poets, of still less pretensions, are to be found among the shepherds, the sailors, and especially among the women of all classes. In the cities, there are sometimes particular trades, among the followers of which there habitually exists poetical talent and productiveness. Thus a great portion of the songs chanted throughout Epirus, are composed by the tanners of Janina.

The melody in general accompanies the ballad ; and its origin is just as uncertain. The tunes of the mountain songs, especially the robber-ballads, are in the highest degree simple, consisting of prolonged notes, similar to the ancient chants of the mass. Even when the words express triumph and victory, the tune in which they are sung is mournful and melancholy. In general, the same melody is repeated with every verse. In some cases the tune comprises two verses, but never more.

The music of those ballads, which have their home in the cities of the coast or the islands, is far superior, and exhibits strongly the influence of the Italians. In some melodies ancient Italian tunes are distinctly to be recognised.

We conclude with the remark, that the songs of the mountains, and those of the cities and the Archipelago, form in reality two distinct classes ; and that a ballad current here, is seldom heard there, and only as a matter of curiosity. The mountaineers despise the more delicate songs of the cities and islands, especially those of which the subject is love. They consider them as effeminate, and as the productions of a vicious, degenerate race. The inhabitants of the cities, on the other hand, take very little in-

terest in the Klephts, and their joys or sufferings ; and their monotonous ballads seem to them the tedious and rude productions of semi-barbarians, not worth their attention.

The great places of concourse for all the nations of the world, the khans or taverns of Constantinople, Odessa, and other marts of commerce, are also the only places where Greek ballads, of every description, meet together ; and in such places, the traveller may hear the sweet songs of Scio, as well as the powerful ballads of Olympus and Pindus. Here too even the Greeks themselves feel the tie of their common country. The Ætolian mountaineer here feels that the man from Crete is his brother ; and the native of Morea becomes aware, that one common mother bore himself, the Ionian, and the Thessalian Greek.

ART. III. — *The American Builder's General Price Book and Estimator ; deduced from extensive Experience in the Art of Building.* By JAMES GALLIER, *Architect.* Boston. M. Burns, 134 Washington Street.

THE rules of Architecture are probably violated more frequently, in practice, than those of the other fine arts ; and in no civilized country are they less regarded, than in the United States. In this art we may fairly claim originality. There may be no American literature, painting, sculpture ; but there certainly is American architecture. We have columns, which mock at the narrow limits of the Grecian orders ; domes, whose proportions are more stupendous, if not more vast, than the marvel of Angelo ; ornaments, which it would baffle the genius of Palladio to class ; and "shingle palaces" that rival pandemonium itself, rising "like an exhalation,"

"Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Are set, and Doric pillars overlaid."

Thus far the art, with us, is in a very chaotic state, however. There are certain causes existing here to oppose its progress, which have not been found in other countries, and which must always exert a considerable influence upon